



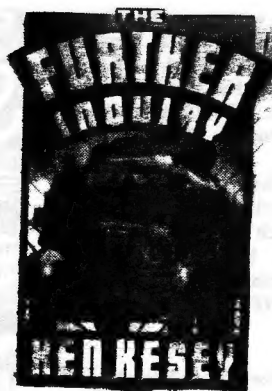
... things carelessly given life by the imagination may become frightening and dangerous; the writer may be destroyed by his or her second-rate creations--by the inferior work that survives to debase reputation, or by some casual production that catches the popular imagination and types its creator forever.

Alison Lurie
DON'T TELL THE GROWN-UPS:
SUBVERSIVE CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.,
1990.

FURTHER ON DOWN THE ROAD

Feed the hungry bee.
Ken Kesey

The first time I saw Ken Kesey's old school bus it was parked in the middle of the campus of San Francisco State College [now University] and Ken was on hand with some of the Pranksters for a session at what was then called the Experimental College. Tom Wolfe told the story of the bus and its inhabitants in *THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST* [1968]. Your basic gang of acid heads on the road in the tradition kicked off by Jack Kerouac's novel *ON THE ROAD* [1955] which everyone was reading in the days of pre-fascist America. Kesey and his band drove across country in 1964 and videotaped anything and everything that happened to them. Most of this tape was seen in bits and pieces at private parties, but some of it was spliced together and shown at the San Francisco Art Institute and on other campuses that took an interest. Kesey was a cultic figure in the sixties, the man who foresaw the era of Reagan in *ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST* [1962], who presided over the famous Trips Festival of 1965 in a gold space suit, who made an album guide he called *THE ACID TEST*. People who lived in the Haight and Berkeley in those days followed the adventures of Ken Kesey as closely as they followed the careers of bob dylan and The Beatles. When the FBI started chasing Ken around the Bay Area, anything he did



or said became instant news. When the acid haze blew away and the sixties were declared officially over, Kesey was back in Oregon working the farm left to him by his father. The bus was abandoned to rust and roosting chickens. His family story is told in quasi-fictional form in *SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION*. His latest book, *THE FURTHER INQUIRY*, continues the story of the bus and contains a lot of photographs. The Smithsonian Institute has expressed an interest in the original bus, but Kesey told an Oakland *TRIBUNE* reporter he "isn't sure he wants it to become a museum piece just yet."

Kesey was an inspiration to many people, certainly to me. I went to all of his lectures and happenings when I was a student and I read his books several times. When I taught English I used them in my classes. There was never anything flakey about Kesey. Like Edward Abbey, he was one of the real people and he told it like it was. He saw America as a giant mental institution in 1962 and it has become madder since then; anyone who doubts this should reflect upon Iran-Contra, the phony drug wars, and Iran-Scam for just a moment. Well, Ken retired to the farm and we had the Nixon Years and the incredible boredom, snobbishness, and snottiness of the Reagans, and now we have the cynical snideness of the fisherman from Maine.

So it was nice to look up and see a new version of Kesey's bus coming down Solano Avenue in Berkeley on the morning of Hallowe'en. Hog farmer Wavy Gravy was running for Berkeley City Council and Ken and some of the Pranksters had reunited to help with the campaign. What better way to get coverage for your trip than to load the media on your own bus and take them along? The trip started out in Marin County. My post office box is on Solano and we were on the way to get the mail when we saw the bus coming down the street. A straight reporter in a business suit saw me standing there and came over and I thought, Oh, oh, I now look like one of those older people who are always used for reaction shots whenever something unusual happens. What did I think of something like that? Think Wavy Gravy had a chance to get elected? I was noncommittal. I just smiled and went along with his script. I was a sound bite on the evening news.

There isn't anything like that bus named *FURTHER* on the road in 1990 and it's unlikely a clown like Wavy Gravy will get elected to any public office, but the bus and Wavy are a lot closer to the real world 99% of us live in than are the millionaire politicians who have sold this country out.

-Clay Geerdes

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Krystine Kryttre has published her first solo comic with Cathead Comics. *DEATH WARMED OVER* collects her art from 1985-90 and it is \$3.75 pp from POB 576, Hudson, MA 01749. No one draws like Krystine as you can see from the sample panels shown here. -C.G.

CEREBUS continues with issue 139. The aardvark does not appear in this strange story, *MELMOTH ZERO*. If you cannot find Dave Sim's work in your community, write to him at Aardvark-Vanaheim, POB 1674, Kitchener Station, N2G 4R2, Ontario, Canada.



The Berkeley Inn, once home to Bruce Duncan, Julia Vinograd, and other local cartoonists and writers was closed by a fire in 1986 and the city dickered around half a decade trying to decide what to do about the gutted building. A few days after our local election in November of 1990, the Inn was totalled by another fire and it looks like the building will go the way of the UC corner. I was by there the afternoon of November 9th with David Miller and the old brick building was still smoldering. The Fire Department had the streets closed because they were afraid of walls falling into the street. By November 12th, half the building had been demolished, and by the 17th the Inn had passed into history. The last photograph of the building as it was appears in the TELEGRAPH AVENUE STREET CALENDAR FOR 1991 and you can get a copy of this interesting historical document for \$6 from Twisted Image, 1630 University Avenue, #26, Berkeley, CA 94703. Bruce Duncan is helping edit the HOMELESS VOICE, the newsletter of the Berkeley Ecumenical Chaplaincy to the Homeless, 2345 Channing Way, Berkeley, CA 94704. Ace Backwards has a strip in the current issue. Send a \$2 donation to cover costs.

Folks who remember the old Forum will find Amoeba Records there when they next visit Berkeley. Amoeba imitated Rasputin's successful formula for buying and selling platters, tapes, and CDs. The Heidelberg where I had many a quick knockwurst in my early student days at Cal is gone. New owners take over this month. The Bagel Works is closed, driven out of business by hold-up men. The 2500 block of Telly has become a skid row. I was held up by a junkie there back in 1974 when I worked for the Berkeley Comic Art Shop and lately there have been so many holdups and burglaries that no one wants to shop in that area.

Before blaming the victims, consider that the University has enrolled over 33,000 students, way too many for this area. Cal's continued expansion squeezes Berkeley in many ways and as in other urban areas there are developers who want to turn our town into a bedroom community for people who work in San Francisco. The campus is a magnet for certain kinds of criminal, mainly drug dealers and burglars, but con artists find the students easy pickings, too. The Jamaican switch has worked a number of times and with the proliferation of automatic tellers outside the banks a new hustle has begun. In this one, the con artist finds a likely student and tells him a sad tale of a broken down car and not enough money to get back to Palo Alto or San Jose. The con pretends to be a fellow student and spreads on enough sincerity to get the mark to the ATM. He borrows as much money as the chump will give him, swearing to give it back as soon as he gets to his own bank. Kiss that money goodbye. Now I know most of you think this is terrible, but these con artists are no different than most of the people we see on our television sets every evening; you know, the ones telling you how crooked the other candidate is. -C.G.

Matt Madden's new one is FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW #5. \$1 pp from him at 628 S. Ashley #1, Ann Arbor, MI 48103.

CEREBUS continues with issue 140. Nos. 46 and 47 are reprinted in 21 and 22 respectively. If you cannot find Dave Sim's work in your community, write to him at Aardvark-Vanaheim, POB 1674, Kitchener Station, N2G 4R2, Ontario, Canada.

I was surprised to hear that the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles had granted an interview to that rich establishment flack Barbara Walters, but the famous shellbacks are promoting their 1991 film THE SECRET OF THE OOZE so whaddaya gonna do?

Where does the MacNeil-Lehrer Report get those guys—all those stuffy, middle-aged, white, male experts? Is there some kind of National White Man's Directory with a definitive list of pompous windbags? Last week, they featured a man named Philip Burgess, head of something called the Center for the New West in Denver, in a discussion of the Middle East crisis. Burgess was self-important, not particularly well-informed, and essentially full of shit. PBS could have dragged any random whitey out of any barbershop in Ukiah, and he'd have done as well. MacNeil-Lehrer is becoming a self-parody, with its comical parade of inside-the-beltway white men in boring, predictable discussions of current events.

Bruce Anderson
Anderson Valley Advertiser
November 21, 1990.

HORSEWHAT?

"However, the expansion of our businesses and the changes that have occurred on the world entertainment scene have convinced me that entering into such a relationship is nothing short of a duty we owe our shareholders, our employees, our creative colleagues and indeed all those with whom we enjoy relationships," said MCA president Sidney J. Sheinberg, justifying the selling of MCA to Matsushita for 6 and a half billion bucks in November of 1990. "If there is anything that is clear out of all of this, it is that global and vertical integration in the production and distribution of entertainment is a dominant theme that is going to continue, added Gordon Crawford, a senior vp of Capital Research, an LA investment firm.

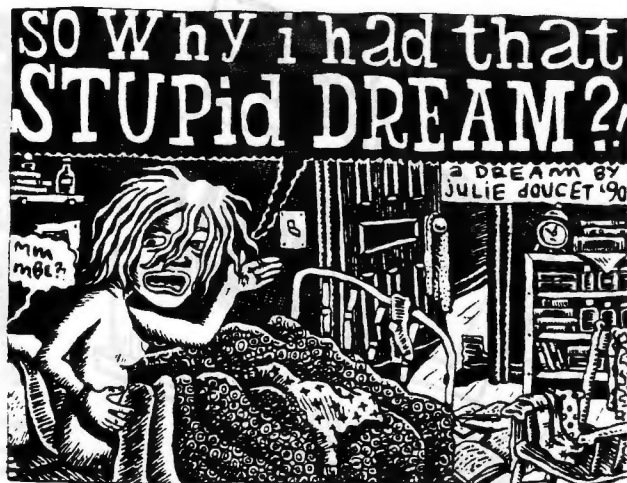
And I say what ever happened to our Anti-Trust laws? -CG

I do not like pornography. I have never patronized shops that sold it and certainly never wrote it myself—but I would not censor it, for I feel that infringing on the First Amendment could do the nation more serious harm than the circulation of a few lascivious picture books.

-James A. Michener. Parade, 11/18/90.

Peter Bagge's HATE 3 is almost as hateful as the first two. It's about the way people really relate to each other in contrast to the way most people think people relate to each other. I think. Don't quote me. You know how nutty Bagge is. He's just become a father, so expect his future funnies to be even further out.

I never saw great art come out of happiness.
-Sylvester Stallone.



RIP OFF COMIX 28 just came in. Nice to see folks like Julie Doucet and The Pizz therein. \$3.50 from your local store. The usual amount of post-60's acid-flashback nightmare images proliferate.

BUTT BISCUIT's Dean Williams has moved to 3815 N. Greenview, #1-B, Chicago, IL 60613. BB is kind of the Twin Peaks of the mini circuit, a comic strip that continues from issue to issue. There are 4 to date and Dean will probably send them to you for \$2.50 postpaid.

Today's heroes are here and gone in two seconds.

-Sylvester Stallone.

CHICKEN LITTLE, noted for his or her insight into the evanescent nature of reality in the phrase *the sky is falling* is the subject of a new comic by surrealist Mick Cusimano. \$2 from POB 2565, Cambridge, MA 02238.

Latest minicomic from Wheatecake Productions are THE SO WHAT CHRONICLES 1 and THE GREAT IMPOSSIBLE 2. \$1/stamp for both from Jeff Zenick, 408 E. Call Street #2, Tallahassee, FLA 32301.

At one time Rap was merely nigga music but when the boys from upstate New York came out as The Beastie Boys, rap was taken to number one on the charts. Rap became a valuable product. Who cares that those who created it as an expression and reaction to their oppression ain't getting shit for it. If the black experience can be made into pop culture, you know somebody's going to be right on it.

-Vini Beachem

Rip Off Press is publishing a graphic version of Robert Anton Wilson's ILLUMINATUS. The first part came out in November of 1990. The artwork is by Robert J. Shea. \$2.50.

Clark Dissmeyer will send you his latest four-pager, PROPAGANDA WAR, for a stamp. 2313 Central, #7, Kearney, Nebraska 68847.

